

Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

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WITHIN THE WEEK

The Rhine is the last of the great natural barriers that have combined to give the Germans some measure of protection from collective Allied military might. While there certainly is no disposition to belittle the fortuitous gift of the Ludendorff bridge, this should not be misinterpreted as a solution of our transport problem. It will require the equivalent of many such bridges to move our men in sufficient force to meet concentrated Nazi resistance. To this end, we shall utilize more pontoon bridges, such as the one our engineers constructed in 31 hrs, to parallel the Ludendorff. And we shall also turn to all manner of amphibious equipment, which Gen'l Eisenhower has collected for this special purpose. Nor should we forget airborne divisions—a specialized army trained to serve strategically within the German heartland.

The Remagen bridgehead now seems secure. Probably, before you read these words, our forces shall have reached the superhighway leading to Berlin. Then, if the bridge still stands, we can more fully exploit our advantage. That the Nazi airforce would permit this vital span to remain in our hands, undemolished, for ten days appears an incredible confession of impotence. It surely is a revealing commentary on the decadence of the vaunted *Luftwaffe*.

From Switzerland this wk, Paul Ghali, *Chicago Daily News* correspondent, cabled an interesting forecast of Nazi last-ditch plans. He reports launching platforms for flying bombs are being constructed in the Alpine area and suggests that these bombs, in last-resort fighting, will be dispatched against territory we may occupy in Germany and Italy.

TOWN-BUSTER: If you have a bin that will hold 11 tons of coal, go down and have a look at its ample dimensions. It will give you some conception of the size of the new 22,000-lb bomb we have now begun dropping on enemy territory. It towers to the height of a 2-story bldg, and when it explodes men thousands of ft in the air feel the impact of the blow.

JAPAN: Reports that are coming thru on our Tokio-Tagoya-Osaka air raids would appear to confirm in some measure the forecasts of those who said, early in the war, that these Japanese centers were tinder for aerial conflagration. The inadequacy of protective measures is astounding. Our fortresses appear to have met negligible fighter resistance, and the flak was ineffective. The high degree of concentration in Japanese centers makes the damage more devastating than in a comparable area in Europe.



SHIFTING SANDS

This is an interim report on conditions confronting the returning veteran who seeks to go into business for himself. It has been assumed all along that a high percentage of discharged veterans, weary of regimentation, would set up as individual vendors. In practice, this isn't proving as simple as contemplated. First, the ex-serviceman is running into trouble in securing competent counsel. No gov't agency seems to have the answers. . . Then, there's the financing. G I Bill provides gov't guarantee up to \$2000, but loans are made thru private bankers. They are proving cautious and slow-moving. . . Finally, there's the important matter of getting merchandise. OPA had a plan to provide rationed goods for veteran merchants, but it hasn't materialized. WPB talks of allocating critical materials to this group, and the surplus agencies are supposed to give veterans preference. But so far, little has actually been done.



FOR THOSE WHO WILL NOT BE MENTALLY MAROONED

Quote

"HE WHO NEVER QUOTES, IS NEVER QUOTED"

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

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"The misfortune which has overcome us is very painful."—German Propaganda Minister GOEBBELS.

"There will be no unemployment here." — Prime Minister WINSTON CHURCHILL, inspecting ruins at Aachen and Julich.

"Some mountains, some guns, and some Germans."—Gen'l MARK W CLARK, in Italy, responding to the query of a war correspondent: "What's holding us up?"

"Hell, if you have something given to you, the best thing is to take it."—2d Lt EMMETT J BURROWS, of N Y, who, finding a Rhine bridge intact, promptly rushed his entire company to the east bank.

"The Dumbarton Oaks proposals—as they now stand—represent nothing more than an internat'l strait jacket—the blueprint of which was drawn up behind the scenes of Moscow, Teheran and Yalta."—Sen BURTON K WHEELER.

"It is possible that we will be destroyed, but the Nat'l Socialist idea still will be preserved by the youth when all else has crumbled."—Reichleiter XAVER SCHWARZ, treasurer of the Nazi Party.

"Oh, I couldn't repeat it!"—Mrs HELEN SUGARMAN, of Chicago, asked about the story which caused her to become so convulsed at a dinner party that she collapsed, fell off her chair, cut her chin, knocked out a tooth, hit her head so hard she fainted, and burned her arm on a radiator, ended up in hospital.

"(It is) an ill-conceived sop to my conscience."—Sgt JOSEPH KUSAILA, in letter to Gen GEORGE C MARSHALL, rejecting the Bronze Star award. The citation praised his "exemplary courage, leadership and concern for the welfare of his fellow soldiers," but KUSAILA declares this a "reversal of decision" of the Ft Benning OCS which refused him a commission back in '43 because he "lacked the qualifications of a leader."

"MAY WE

Quote

YOU ON THAT?"

"I am filled with trepidation."—Premier Gen'l KUNIAKI KOISO.

"Turn the tablecloths over; we're terribly short of linen."—Instruction to waiters in U S Senate restaurant, which is not immune from laundry lamentations.

"It takes about a 100 yrs for a man to get any sense. Now I'm 101 today and I haven't the strength to do anything much about it."—GEORGE ROBERT LORE, of Bridgeport, Conn, issuing a birthday statement.

"Out of the experience in these field hospitals will come surgical experts the like of whom the world has never seen before." — Lt-Col HERMAN WILKINSON, chief, 11th Field Hospital, with U S 7th Army.

"I'm still surprised at how the school man's mind tends to say 'It has not been done and it can't be done.' No lawyer or doctor could survive on such a formula."—JAMES MARSHALL, on completing 10 yrs with the N Y Board of Education.

"I thought someone was pulling my leg and I hung up."—Lt NESTER MCGEE, upon receiving telephone call at his anti-tank platoon hq from a German asking for someone to come and capture him. The German phoned again and someone obliged.

"My gosh, the whole Milky Way!"—Private DONALD DEISCHEN, Terre Haute, Ind, standing guard at entrance to 19th corps sector when Gen EISENHOWER's party approached. DEISCHEN saluted a total of 13 stars as the party passed.

"I hate rows—unless I set the stage for them."—Sec'y of Interior HAROLD L ICKES.

"The greatest aspiration of Italy is to become a United Nation."—ALBERTO TARCHIANI, Italian Ambassador to the U S.

"I wasn't nearly as frightened during the action as when I saw newspapers from the U S a few wks later."—Gen'l DWIGHT D EISENHOWER, reminiscing about Ardennes.

"We are at a period, it seems to me, where the attitude of mind is not something which you can judge by physical age. Some old men, like Albert Einstein, are always looking forward."—ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.

"They may have been a luxury in the past, but in war plants they are a necessary article of clothing."—Rep EDW H REES, of Kans, protesting WPB regulation which classified slacks as luxury and curtailed their manufacture.

"It is doubtful if the Soviet leader would or could make such a trip—he requires rulers to come to him."—Army & Navy Jnl, commenting on rumor that Jos STALIN might attend United Nations meet at San Francisco.

"When war comes, I suppose the women of every nation work, but Japan's women do this work without talking about it." — SACHIKO FURUNO, former Univ of Chicago student, contrasting American women with those of Japan in speech over Tokio Radio.

"The G I Bill is one of the greatest hidden-ball tricks of all time... How any veteran will be able to go to school on \$50 a month is beyond me. As to the loan provisions: a veteran must have qualifications that would enable him to borrow from a private banker 4 or 5 times the am't guaranteed by the gov't."—PATRICK L CARROLL, in a valedictory address to 1st group of veterans of present war trained as service officers for the disabled Am veterans.

"The enemy will get tired, and will yet be broken. The yr 1918 will not be repeated."—ADOLF HITLER, in a statement marking 10th anniversary of conscription.

Will There Be Room For a Few Delegates?

"... the millions who fight the war should have a voice in making the peace."—GOV DWIGHT H GREEN, of Ill, urging representation for GI's at United Nations meeting in San Francisco.

"When the nations of the world meet in conclave at San Francisco, the voice of labor must be heard and heeded."—A spokesman for CIO, urging that labor be not neglected.

"The Negro can no longer be considered a minority. It is imperative that our race be represented at the United Nations conference in San Francisco."—Rep ADAM C POWELL, Jr, N Y Negro Democrat.

"I lived very modestly. I had only 3 horses, 1 Italian and a Ukranian girl of 17."—A German woman in a liberated East Prussian town where every family had received a Russian girl for Nazi slave labor.

"As in all countries, there is good and bad in Russia. In my judgment, Mr White overemphasizes the bad—minimizes the good."—ERIC A JOHNSTON, pres, U S Chamber of Commerce, in a statement commenting on new book, *Report on The Russians*, by W L WHITE, who accompanied him on recent trip to that country.

"I rode down (in a service elevator) with a can of trash."—JOAN YOUNGER, U P reporter, assigned to cover conference on postwar rockets at N Y's Harvard Club whose threshold an unattended woman had not crossed in club's 80-yr history. First woman ever to get beyond the 2nd floor, she was allowed to stay through the conference provided she agreed to leave quietly by the back door.

"We don't even know how to whistle—and we don't intend to start now. We like things the way they've always been."—A group of Hollywood Starlets, form the "We-Won't-Whistle-at-Boys" Club.

"Non-fraternization (with enemy civilians) works if somebody is there with a club, but right at the front where a soldier is risking death you cannot scare him with a \$65 fine."—Sgt FRANCIS W MITCHELL, of N Y, with an American unit in Cologne.

"Didn't you have any real hardships?" — Thrill-seeking youngster after Mrs OSA JOHNSON addressed juvenile audience for 30 minutes describing her African adventures, including imitations of the wild beasts and tales of primitive peoples.

"He thinks I'm grown up now, and that's really something."—JULIA ANDRADE, 16-yr-old vice-pres of Cathedral Crafts Co, thriving concern run by teen-agers, proud not of the importance of her job but of the impression it has made on her father.

"I always had to write directions on a sheet of paper so he wouldn't get lost."—Mrs DOLORES BURROWS, wife of 2nd Lt EMMETT J BURROWS, who led first American soldiers to cross the Rhine, amazed that her husband was able to find the river at all.

"I've had 8 cards now and the last time they told me if I lost this one I would have to see the FBI for the next one."—An Omaha sheet metal worker who told police he didn't have a draft card because his board refused to give him one.

"They sure don't take a joke very well."—HUGH LARIMER, of Oklahoma City. Dressed in part of Nazi uniform he had rec'd from son-in-law overseas, he walked into a drugstore. Half a dozen women employees armed with bottles of hand lotion closed in ready to bop him. LARIMER ended up trying to convince police and several FBI agents of his innocence.

"Hey, Grandma! Mother's husband is coming home!"—Excited comment of a 5-yr-old Milwaukee lad when he overheard his mother comment to a neighbor on the anticipated ret'n of the boy's father, from extended military service overseas.

"For a couple of guys who were trying to go home we sure made an awful mess of it."—GEORGE TAYLOR, former WLB Vice-Chairman, recently sworn in as Chairman, and Wm H DAVIS, former WLB Chairman, sworn in as Economic Stabilization Director. Both have been trying to quit public office for several mo's, wound up taking new and bigger jobs.

"How the writers are going to make a glamorous hero out of a muddy and delapidated GI with whiskers and a barnyard aroma, I don't know."—Gen Jos W STILWELL, speaking before Cleveland Ordnance Ass'n. (The Gen'l favors more appreciation for ground forces. "Those lads won't cheer every time they read how the captain aviator made off with the gal. They will want the bazooka man to win once in a while.")



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MINING THE MAGAZINES

The Next War—NORMAN COUSINS, *Sat Review of Literature*, 3-3-'45.

It should be no secret that the next war, if it comes, will be global suicide. In that sense, it will be the last war. . . The cold, mechanical truth is that the destruction of humanity is now close to a mathematical formula. Many parts of the equation have already been worked out in this war; the others are even now taking shape in the experimental laboratories of the world. . . War is like a geometric progression where the successive numbers soon get completely beyond human comprehension. . .

What we should like to see after this war, as part of a collaborative internat'l program of education, is a traveling exhibit that will acquaint the peoples of the world with some factual information concerning what a new war would be like. The exhibit would attempt to report simply and factually, what science is like during the 20th century—its potential for omnipotent demolition and extinction, and alongside that, its potential for better living.

The people would draw their own inferences. The biggest of these, we believe, is that unless the new internat'l controls are as correspondingly great as the switchboards of war, then that new war becomes inevitable. But such controls would also require an organization of nations far beyond anything that has been suggested or even hinted at in any of the official conferences. This is not by way of disparaging the world's political leaders. World citizenship cannot be handed down from the top. It will radiate from humanity itself.

BOOKS

When the novel, *Leave Her to Heaven* was listed in a recent Overseas bulletin, an avalanche of orders followed. Perhaps this popularity was due to a slight error in listing. The title appeared as, "Leave Her to Heave."—*Counterpoints*, hm, World Book Co.

COMPETITION

If you are in business and are worried by competition, cease worrying. See competition for what it is, a mirage that you yourself have created.

We do not need our neighbor's business; what we want is our own. God does not stint our neighbor that we may prosper, nor prosper him and let us go without. God does not speak in terms of lack and want and scant supply (but) in terms of abundance.—EDITH WEARE, "Enough For All," *Good Business*, 3-'45.

CO-OPERATION

A good democratic society, capable of survival with freedom is not like an assembly belt in a modern factory. It is like an orchestra. In an orchestra not all instruments are equally difficult to play. A man can clang cymbals or play a piccolo who never could become a 1st violinist or a conductor. Yet the piccolo player or the cymbal clanger can spoil the entire performance; and the perfect orchestral performance is greater than the achievement of any single star, and the smallest and least important player is absolutely essential to the perfection of the whole.—DOROTHY THOMPSON, "Education For Democracy," *Ladies Home Jnl*, 3-'45.

DISILLUSIONMENT

The customer pointed to the Chinese characters on his laundry ticket and asked the Chinaman, "Is that my name?"

"No name. Description," the Chinaman answered. "Means I'll ol' man, closs eyed, no teet'."—*Alexander Animator*, hm, Alexander Film Co.

DOUBT

Doubt is like the dark. A room may be dark because the sun is not shining—or it may be dark because

the windows are dirty. One cannot turn on the sun, but one can wash windows.—Editorial, *Ala Baptist*.

EASTER—Observance

College Topics, University of Virginia's campus paper, carried these two ads, one beneath the other, in a recent issue:

"Wanted—Dates for Easter week—see co-ed editor," and "For Sale—six new wolf pelts."

They DO say . . .

Now and again, the public prints leave a good story dangling in mid-air. When Gen BREHON SOMERVELL asked engineers how long it would take to bridge the Rhine, correspondents quoted his exasperated comment on their estimate: "Why Julius Caesar did it in half that time!" If you want details on how Caesar chased German tribes across the Rhine—and then bridged the 1400-ft stream in 10 days—see Dr WILL DURANT's *Caesar and Christ* . . . Another instance: An industrial advertiser in *Time* recently headlined his copy: "Remember When We Sent the 6th Ave El to Pearl Harbor?" The theme being that we sold the scrap to Japs, who used it against us. *The New Yorker* debunked the story with a statement that none of the "El" scrap ever reached Japan. But there's more to tell: The contract specified that no country but Britain could share this choice iron with us. And this was three years before Pearl Harbor! U S citizens can thank Mayor LA GUARDIA for that percursory clause.

FEAR—vs Faith

On the front of the mantel in the ancient Hind's Head Hotel at Bray, England, is the legend: "Fear knocked at the door. Faith answered. No one was there."—Maj DONALD W DRESDEN, *The Defender*.

FORTITUDE

When asked why Daniel was not devoured by the lions, Chas H Spurgeon once opined: "Most of him was backbone, and the rest grit."

GERMAN—Character

It is something for us to beware of: the good moods of Germans, their suddenly reforming and seeking to please. . .

In fact, the likable and virtuous ones are far worse than the others as it works out, because they mislead us. They bait the trap for the others. . .

Naturally there will be forgiveness after the war; it is the natural thing. People will like them again: at least the Anglo-Saxons will; it is their predilection somehow. But the important thing is never to trust them. With a mature mind one can like people, or even love them, without a blind confidence in them, cannot one?—*GLENWAY WESCOTT, Apartment in Athens, a March selection of Book-of-the-Month Club. (Harper)*

HATRED

Booker T Washington, the great Negro educator, was walking down a street with a white friend when he was roughly elbowed into the gutter by a passing pedestrian. His friend was furious exclaiming, "How can you tolerate such an insult?" Washington replied, "I defy any man to make me hate."—*JAY SABO, "Goodwill Cannot Hate," Democracy in Action.*

HUMAN NATURE

One man manufactured something the people needed. He made a living. Another one manufactured something they didn't need. He made a fortune.—*Arcadia (Wisc) News-Leader.*

MARRIED LIFE

Many a matrimonial flare-up has been caused by an old flame.—*OLIN MILLER.*

NEIGHBORLINESS

We are again neighbor-conscious. We are sharing together our triumphs, our failures, our sorrows. . . While we work out our ration problems and our transportation problems and console each other, we include in our talks postwar plans, plans that embrace all people of the earth; all creeds and colors.—*VESTA VOICE, "Neighbor Conscious," Household, 2-45.*

PRAYER

"It's no use telling me the angels write down in their books if I'm naughty," said a small boy. "I might as well tell you they think up in Heaven that I'm dead."

"But why should they think that?" his mother protested.

"Because I haven't said my prayers for 2 wks."—*Tit-Bits (London).*

An Easter Thought

An old preacher who was preaching on a village green in England, had lived on the American prairies. He had a fascination for my boyish ears as he told of a prairie fire. He described the way the Indians saved their wigwams from the blaze by setting fire to the dry grass immediately adjoining the settlement. "The fire cannot come," he cried, "where the fire has already been."

That is why I call you to the Cross of Christ. Judgment has already fallen there and can never come again. He who takes his stand at the Cross is safe evermore. He can never come into condemnation. . . He is in God's safety zone.—*Religious Digest.*

PRAYER—Servicemen

I was guest at an air-base and was quizzing some pilots across the tables about their religion. "When you are in danger and you whisper a prayer, what kind of a prayer do you say?" I asked.

One short-haired navigator across from me bellowed forth an answer. "You have no right to ask such a question. You have never been in that kind of danger yourself. What do you know about dying, and being torn to pieces by enemy flak? What do you know about religion at such a time? It is really none of your business."

I accepted the rebuke humbly. I hand it on to all who will listen. Let it apply to any query relating too deeply to our soldiers' inner life. A soldier is not to be pinned to a cork like a museum butterfly.—*FRED B BARTON, "When Johnny Comes Flying Home," Plane Talk, hm Consolidated Vultee, 1-45.*



**CONFIDENTIALLY
THRU A
MEGAPHONE**

A condition that has not as yet made the front page, but is nevertheless entitled to banner display under the division of "Good Tidings" is the fact that farm mortgages are being steadily reduced. This is in marked contrast to the land-buying spree that paralleled the last war. Apparently, farmers are using current high earnings to pay off mortgages, instead of going into debt for more land. Indicating a net reduction of about 25% in farm indebtedness, Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago reports this wk: "Never in recent history have farmers been in such sound and liquid position."

Recent newspaper stories with such headlines as "Penicillin Now On Drug Counters" are highly misleading. There is not now, and will not be in the foreseeable future, any penicillin for public sale. It would be useless in the hands of a layman, since it is a "parenteral" product, which means that it must be injected into the bloodstream or muscles. The WPB order, effective Mar 15, merely permits regulated distribution to pharmacies where it will be available to physicians.

Navy personnel overseas or afloat have again been warned against sending scarce or rationed commodities to friends or relatives at home. Included in ban are such items as alarm clocks, cigars, electric irons, fountain pens, knives, radios, razor blades.

Smiths of the U S are now forming nationwide organization, known by unpronounceable alphabetical conglomeration, TNSDUNSPHT—"The Nat'l Society to Discourage Use of the Name Smith for Purposes of Hypothetical Illustration."



AVIATION: Tho little publicised, commercial transport companies carry on extensive programs to educate younger generation. Last wk, Air-Age Education Research (American Airlines) began distribution of *Air-Age World*, monthly leaflet for intermediate school pupils. They also publish *Air-Age Education News*, 16-pg bimonthly for teachers. Educational Dep't of Pan-American Airways issues tabloid newspaper monthly, *Classroom Clipper*, for junior and high school pupils. All are distributed free, thru schools.

FOOD: Freshness of foods may be measured by their volatile odors with new device developed by U of Calif. For use on fish, meats, fruits, vegetables.

MOTION PICTURES: Dr Geo Gallup (Gallup Poll) has developed device to register audience reaction to motion pictures. Records as a single line on a graph their chances for success. Somewhat similar to CBS "program analyzer".

PRODUCTS: Steel industry has plan to color product. Might eliminate or reduce costly paint jobs on finished products such as autos. (*Sales Mgt*)

Shark bomb chases sharks away from fliers downed in tropic waters. Doesn't kill; generates odor offensive to sharks. Made of substance extracted from sharks' bodies. Packed in waterproof envelope attached to life vest. (*N Y Times*)

TRANSPORTATION: New tire enables cars to be driven over snow, ice, wet highways without slipping, skidding. Substance milled into synthetic rubber provides rough surface, increases tire grip. (*Grit*)

PROGRESS

Recently a trade journal in the leather industry carried a feature story of a veteran who had spent half-a-century in the employ of one of the large processing houses.

"Well," commented a reporter, "in your time you must have seen some vast changes in this business."

"Yes," agreed the old man meditatively, "yes, I have. In the old days, I used to have to go down the cellar and carry the leather up three flights of stairs. But now," he brightened, "they bring it up to me." — Contributed by CLINTON CAMPBELL.

RACE—Prejudice

It is quite significant that prior to 1933 there were no organized anti-Jewish groups in this country. But between 1933 and the outbreak of war more than 500 hate groups were organized, all of them being anti-Semitic. That this movement was largely motivated by what was going on in Europe is clear now. It has been revealed that much of the literature distributed by these groups was published and paid for by the German gov't.—STERLING W BROWN, "Prejudice, Threat to Democracy," *Christian Advocate*.

RECONVERSION

The biggest battle's going to be not in Norway, Japan or Russia, but in taking away Grandma's welding torch.—*Magazine Digest*.

SAFETY—Safe Driving

It has been aptly said that the only wheel man has not thoroughly mastered is the steering wheel.—SYLVAN LEBOW, "Education Against Death," *Liberty*, 2-24-'45.

SPEECH—Speaking

Knute Rockne, of football fame, was once seated on an elevated table at a banquet given in his honor. Called upon to speak, he surveyed the guests at the lower tables, and said: "I feel like the intoxicated gentleman in the park. He looked into the lagoon and, saucer-eyed with astonishment, turned to an officer and asked, 'Is that the moon down there?' The officer opined that it was. 'Gosh!'

mused the toper, 'I wonder how I ever got 'way up here!'"—*Facts*.

An Easter Legend

At one time the tree we now know as the dogwood attained the size of a forest oak. Its wood was hard and firm, a favored timber of the cross. To be thus used of man distressed the tree. So that Jesus in His hour of travail, paused to make a compassionate promise:

"Because of your regret and pity for my suffering, I say unto you that never again shall your species grow stalwart enough to be fashioned into a cross. Henceforth, you shall be slender and bent and twisted. And your blossoms shall be in the manner of a cross—two long petals and two short petals. And in the center of the outer edge of each petal there shall be nail prints, brown with rust and stained with blood.

"And the heart of the flower shall be as the crown of thorns. And all who see it shall give thought that it was on this manner of tree that I was crucified. And it shall come to pass that this tree be not mutilated. Neither shall it be destroyed in wanton waste, but cherished in my name to mark my death upon the Cross of Calvary."

TAXES

It might make you happier and less apprehensive of tax-induced financial anemia to compare the tax load you carry with that borne by a Britisher in your own income-tax bracket.

If you're a U S bachelor or spinster earning \$500 a yr, you pay no income tax. The single Britisher pays about \$30 on \$500. The married Britisher without children pays \$169 on \$1,000 a yr; on a similar income in the U S you—married and without offspring—pay a victory tax of about \$10. Moving into the \$2,000 class, you pay \$248 if you're single; the single Britisher pays \$635.

The Britisher pays amusement taxes about double the rate you pay, a sales tax on everything but food necessities, liquor taxes that

"You'd do the same for me . . ."

When the permanent record of this war is written there ought to be a chapter—an enduring section—for JOE E BROWN. Probably no one knows how many miles he has traveled, how many shows he's given for our fighting men. The Pacific jaunt alone ran to more than 60,000 mi. As Joe says "We covered the Pacific like a Fuller brush man ringing doorbells." Gen'l MacArthur told the veteran showman, "There isn't a man in uniform or out who has done more for our boys than you have." And now Joe has put a few highlights on paper, *Your Kids And Mine* (Doubleday, \$2). It's a grand book by a grand guy—the kind of book no ghost could ever have had the vision and vitality to write. It ought to be compulsory reading for a lot of folks this war has not yet tagged.

One night in Guadalcanal I had made my way thru a big mess tent that had been turned into a hospital ward. I asked about a guy in the corner.

"He's a pretty sick boy," the major said. "He's not conscious, I'm afraid. He's lost his legs, Mr Brown. . . The worst moment comes when they get out of anesthetic and realize what's happened."

I went over. He was a red-haired youngster with Kansas freckles on his nose.

"Hiya, partner," I said, "You look hunky. Vass everything gude over in dis corner yet?"

A muscle twitched in his thin cheek. He said, "I feel fine." He couldn't lift his head, and his legs were missing, but he felt fine. He was one of our kids, all right.

"It's kind of dark in here," I said, "Can you see me?"

"Sure, I can see you," he said drowsily.

"You know who I am?"

"Sure, I know who you are. But how the hell did you get here?"

Color was coming back into his face now.

"Good old Uggy Ottmeyer," he said in a pleased kind of croak. "Hiya, Uggy."

In a wild, wordless prayer I said, "God, please tell me this kid's nickname," and then I heard myself whisper, "Hiya, Red."

"Still trying to call me Red, ain't you?" He had a wavery grin on his face. "If I wasn't flat on my back I'd get up and sock you one for that, Uggy."

When my boy was killed early in the war, I thought at first that I could never laugh again—or make others laugh. Then at length I felt stirring in me the truth that many bereaved men and women have come to know this year: *When you have lost your own boy, all other lads become your sons.*

"You called me Uggy first," I said, throwing myself into the character.

"Yeah, but Uggy fits you," Red said. "Durned if you don't look more like Joe E Brown than you ever did."

"Okay," I said, "so I do." And then we grinned at each other, and I asked what he heard from home, and he roused up and tried to tell me. He would drift off a little between sentences. For ten minutes or so that kid with the Kansas freckles was free of Guadalcanal. And all because the ugliest youngster in town looked like me!

"You better go to sleep now, Red," I said finally. "You get some shut-eye and when you wake up, don't you worry about nothing. Okay?"

"Okay, Uggy," he said, "and thanks for coming."

"Aw, hell. You'd do the same for me, wouldn't you?"

"Sure I would," he said drowsily. "You're durned right I would."

And I was right. For God knows he had.



GEMS FROM

Yesteryear

Easter

EDMUND SPENSER

SPENSER, one of the major English poets, was born in London in 1552. He has been called "the painter of the poets". In this "new poet" England heard the 1st authentic voice of a muse that had been silent since the death of Chaucer. Spenser's most important contribution is the *Faerie Queene*, published in 1590 and dedicated to Elizabeth who is the "Faerie Queene" of the poem. It may be read as a moral allegory, a political allegory, or simply as a treasury of romance. Spenser died in 1599.

Most glorious Lord of Lyfe! that,
on this day,
Didst make Thy triumph over death
and sin;
And, having harrowed hell, didst
bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, deare Lord, with
joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom thou
diddest dye,
Being with Thy deare blood clene
washt from sin,
May live forever in felicity!
And that Thy love we weighing
worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the
same againe;
And for Thy sake, that all lyke
deare didst buy,
With love may one another enter-
taine!
So let us love, deare Lord, lyke as
we ought,
—Love is the lesson which the Lord
us taught.

reach 75%, and a luxury tax that runs from 17% to 100%, while your luxury tax is a flat 20%.—BERTON BRALEY, *The Woman*, 3-45.

THOUGHT

It was Don Marquis who once said, "If you make people think they're thinking, they'll love you;

but if you really make them think they'll hate you."—FRED RODELL, "Walter Lippmann," *American Mercury*, 3-45.

When Gen'l Pedro Ramirez was President of Argentina, his Cabinet contained only one civilian, Jorge Santamarina. According to a pointed Buenos Aires yarn, members of the Gov't couldn't decide whether all the gen'ls and colonels should wear business suits to Cabinet meetings, or whether Santamarina should put on a uniform. They finally decided to put Santamarina in a brass hat and gold braid "since it is easier to militarize a civilian than to civilize a military man."—*Inter-American*.

" "

Admiral Nimitz' sense of humor is particularly well developed. When the submarine *Darter* sent a dispatch asking permission to cruise outside her assigned area into another where she thought she might find more "meat," Nimitz dictated a reply: "Yes, my darling *Darter*, shoot your fish at the Japanese but duck their patrols like you order." The staff thought it too undignified to send.—FLETCHER PRATT, *Harper's Magazine*.



OF THE WEEK

You can see the average man everywhere—except in a mirror.—*Parade*.

" "

Don't tell us that Chapultepec is "peace" spelled backward.—DAVE BOONE.

" "

A lot of live wires would be dead if it weren't for their connections.—*Kasco Informant*.

" "

Life is like a camel. You can make it do anything except back up.—MARCELENE COX, *Ladies Home Jnl*.

GOOD STORIES YOU CAN USE

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

Capt Edw J WYNN,
Author, *Bombers Across*

When I first began my career as a public speaker, talking to groups of war workers, I had difficulty in getting started—and even more trouble in coming to a conclusion.

My talks ran overtime with such chronic regularity that those in authority finally delegated a public relations man to accompany me. His duty was to stand in the back of the room, catch my eye, and signal for the conclusion by pointing to a clock, or to his wrist watch.

On one occasion, when I was more than commonly wound up, I completely forgot my mentor. It was rather dark in the back of the hall and I couldn't see clearly. But finally, when I chanced to look that way, there was the public relations man, standing up on a chair, frantically waving a calendar!

I was trying to catch a train out of Milwaukee recently, and not one taxi had come along in 10 minutes. It was getting late and I was worried when I spotted a cab sliding out from a side street a half block away. I dashed down and hopped in.

"You Mr Johnson?" the driver asked.

"No, I didn't know you had a fare here," I answered, starting to get out.

The driver grinned and flipped up the meter. "Keep your seat. I ask 'em all that just for fun. Nine out of ten say they are."—*Coronet*.

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in 6 positions and the pictures had been sent out to the state police. In a few days headquarters rec'd this from a small town chief: "I duly rec'd pictures of 6 miscreants wanted. Five of them have been captured and we are on the trail of the 6th."—*Home Life*.

" "

A service publication tells of the GI who particularly enjoyed going to the post dentist. Declared the soldier, "The more work he does the better I like it."

Further questioning revealed that he was being treated by the same man who was his dentist back home. Only then the dentist extracted large fees for his work.—*Wall St Jnl*.

